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Review of New Books.

Memoirs of the Private Life of Marie Antoinette, Queen of France and Navarre. To which are added Recollections, Sketches, and Anecdotes, illustrative of the Reigns of Louis XIV., Louis XV., and Louis XVI. By Madame CAMPAN, First Femme de Chambre to the Queen. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 909. London, 1823.

THE lives of queens consort can generally only be interesting in connection with the events of their husbands' reign or the manners of the age. Modern times have, however, furnished two exceptions to this rule; and the circumstances connected with the last Queens of England and France have been of the highest interest; both were, in their day, grossly calumniated, and as posterity is now doing justice to the memory of the one, it may hereafter vindicate the character of the other.

It is not a little remarkable, that within the last few months, two individuals, grossly aspersed, should have their characters set in a more impartial light. We allude to Napoleon Buonaparte, the child and champion of the French revolution, and to one of its most interesting and illustrious victims, Marie Antoinette. What Count Las Cases is doing for Napoleon, Madame Campan has in the works before us done for the lovely but unfortunate Marie Antoinette. Both the biographers and historians have had the best means of obtaining information on the subjects of their memoirs, and both appear to write honestly and impartially.

The 'Memoirs of Marie Antoinette' are preceded by a biographical notice of Madame Campan, by which it appears that Jeanne Louise Henriette Genet (her maiden name) was born at Paris on the 6th of October, 1752; her father, M. Genet, was first clerk in the office of the Minister for Foreign Affairs. The young lady soon discovered such talents and accomplishments as to make her spoken of at court, where, at an early age, she was introduced, and became an attendant on the princesses. On the

marriage of Marie Antoinette, Madame Campan was attached to her suite; and she soon afterwards married M. Campan, whose father was secretary of the queen's closet. Louis XV. bestowed on her a pension of 5000 livres, and the dauphiness secured her a place as femme de chambre, allowing her at the same time to continue her duties as reader to the princesses. She continued in attendance on Marie Antoinette, until the revolution burst asunder so many ties, and among others those that cemented a faithful servant with a benevolent mistress. Madame Campan was refused to share the captivity of her illustrious mistress, but had nearly shared her fate; she, however, escaped all the horrors of the revolution, and died on the 16th of March last.

In proceeding to the 'Memoirs of Marie Antoinette,' we shall rather dwell on such parts of them as exhibit a picture of the society of which she was 'the life, soul, and ornament,' than her personal history, which is well known in the abstract, although we here meet with new facts and illustrations, which it would be unpardonable to overlook. Madame Campan is a most lively writer, and gives an animated picture of the courts of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. Speaking of the Princess Louise, who quitted a palace for a cell, and rich garments for a stuff gown, she says:—

'I saw Madame Louise two or three times more at the grate. I was informed of her death by Louis XVI. "My aunt Louise," said he to me, "your old mistress, is just dead at St. Denis. I have this moment received intelligence of it. Her piety and resignation were admirable, and yet the delirium of my good aunt recalled to her recollection that she was a princess, for her last words were: *To Paradise, haste, haste, full speed.* No doubt she thought she was again giving orders to her groom."

The bigotry in which the royal family was brought up, and the pains that the priests attendant on them took to rivet it, is admirably exposed by Madame Campan in the following anecdote:—

'Madame Victoire was not indifferent to good living, but she had the most religious scruples respecting dishes which it was al-

lowable for her to eat of at penitential times. I saw her one day exceedingly tormented by her doubts about a water-fowl, which was often served up to her during Lent. The question to be irrevocably determined, was, whether it was fish or flesh. She consulted a bishop, who happened to be of the party: the prelate immediately assumed a decided tone of voice, and the grave attitude of a judge who is about to pronounce sentence. He answered the princess, that it had been resolved, that in a similar case of doubt, after dressing the bird, it should be pricked over a very cold silver dish: that if the gravy of the animal congealed within a quarter of an hour, the creature was to be accounted flesh; but if the gravy remained in an oily state, it might be eaten at all times without scruple. Madame Victoire immediately made the experiment: the gravy did not congeal; and this was a source of great joy to the princess, who was very partial to that sort of game.'

Marie Antoinette Joseph Jeanne de Lorraine, Archduchess of Austria, was born on the 2nd of November, 1755, the day of the Lisbon earthquake, a coincidence which, when she grew up, made an impression upon her mind. Her education and youth passed over in the same way that those of princesses generally do. When, at fifteen years of age, her marriage had been arranged with the dauphin, she had a brilliant reception at Versailles:—

'A superb pavilion had been prepared upon the frontiers near Kell: it consisted of a vast saloon, connected with two apartments, one of which was assigned to the lords and ladies of the court of Vienna, and the other to the suite of the dauphiness, composed of the Countess de Noailles, her maid of honour; the Duchess de Cossé, her tress-woman; four ladies of the palace; the Count de Saulx-Tavannes, first gentleman usher; the Count de Tessé, first equerry; the Bishop of Chartres, chief almoner; the officers of the body-guards and the pages.'

'When the dauphiness had been entirely undressed, even to her body-linen and stockings, in order that she might retain nothing belonging to a foreign court (an etiquette always observed on such an occasion), the doors were opened; the young princess came forward, looking round for the Countess de Noailles; then, rushing into her arms, she implored her, with tears in her eyes, and with a heart-felt sincerity, to direct her, to advise her, and to be in every

respect her guide and support. It was impossible to refrain from admiring her aerial gait:—her smile was sufficient to win the heart; and in this enchanting being, in whom the splendour of French gaiety shone forth,—an indescribable but august serenity—perhaps, also, the somewhat proud position of her head and shoulders, betrayed the daughter of the Cæsars.'

This Countess de Noailles, was so ardent a stickler for the old court ceremonies, that the queen called her *Madame d'Etiquette*. The nuptial ceremony was attended with a fatal accident by which many lives were lost:—

In consequence of the fire in the Place Louis XV., which occurred at the time of the nuptial entertainments, the dauphin and dauphiness sent their whole income for the year, to the relief of the unfortunate families who lost their relatives on that disastrous day.

This act of generosity is in itself of the number of those ostentatious kindnesses, which are dictated by the policy of princes, at least, as much as by their compassion: but the grief of Marie Antoinette was genuine, and lasted several days; nothing could console her for the loss of so many innocent victims; she spoke of it weeping to her ladies, when one of them thinking, no doubt, to divert her mind, told her that a great number of thieves had been found among the bodies, and that their pockets were filled with watches and other valuables: "they have at least been well punished," added the person who related these particulars. "Oh, no! no, madam!" replied the dauphiness, "they died by the side of honest people."

Another instance of her amiable disposition follows:—

A circumstance which happened in hunting, near the village of Achères, in the forest of Fontainbleau, afforded the young princess an opportunity of displaying her respect for old age, and her compassion for misfortune. A very old peasant was wounded by the stag; the dauphiness jumped out of her calash, placed the peasant, with his wife and children in it, had the family taken back to their cottage, and bestowed upon them every attention and every necessary assistance. Her heart was always open to the feelings of compassion; and, under such circumstances, the recollection of her rank never checked the effects of her sensibility. Several persons in her service entered her room, one evening, expecting to find nobody there but the officer in waiting; they perceived the young princess seated by the side of this man, who was considerably in years; she had placed near him a bowl full of water; was stanching the blood, which issued from a wound he had received in his hand, with her handkerchief which she had torn up to bind it, and was fulfilling towards him all the duties of a pious nun of the order of charity. The old man, affected even to tears, out of respect, left his august mistress to act as she thought proper. He had hurt himself

in endeavouring to bring forward some rather heavy piece of furniture which the princess had asked him for.'

From the time of her arrival in Paris, the queen appears to have been beset with persons anxious to ruin her, by converting the most trifling, and often the most amiable circumstances, into grounds of accusation against her. On the death of Louis XV. the Dauphin and Marie Antoinette ascended the throne, amidst great enthusiasm:—

A fashionable jeweller made a fortune by the sale of mourning-snuff-boxes, whereon the portrait of the young queen, in a black frame of shagreen, admitted of the following pun: "Comfort in chagrin." All the fashions, and every part of dress, received names significant of the spirit of the moment. The symbols of abundance were every where represented, and the head-dresses of the ladies were surrounded by ears of wheat. Poets sang the new monarch; all hearts, or rather all heads in France, were filled with unexampled enthusiasm. Never did the commencement of any reign excite more unanimous testimonials of love and attachment. It must be observed, however, that amidst all this intoxication, the Anti-Austrian party never lost sight of the young queen, but kept on the watch, with the malicious desire to injure her, for such errors as might be expected to arise out of her youth and inexperience.

Their majesties had to receive, at la Muette, the condolences of the ladies who had been presented at court, who all felt themselves called on to pay homage to the new sovereigns. Old and young hastened to present themselves on the day of general reception; little black bonnets with great wings, old shaking heads, low curtesies, keeping time with the motions of the head, made, it must be admitted, a few venerable dowagers appear somewhat ridiculous; but the queen, who possessed a great deal of dignity, and a high respect for decorum, was not guilty of the grievous sin of losing the state she was bound to preserve. An indiscreet piece of drollery of one of the ladies of the palace, however, procured her the imputation of doing so. The Marchioness de Clermont-Tonnerre, whose office required that she should continue standing behind the queen, fatigued by the length of the ceremony, found it more convenient to seat herself upon the floor, concealing herself behind the fence formed by the hoops of the queen and the ladies of the palace. Thus seated, and wishing to attract attention and to appear lively, she twitched the dresses of those ladies, and played off a thousand other tricks. The contrast of these childish pranks with the gloom which reigned over the rest of the queen's chamber, disconcerted her majesty several times: she placed her fan before her face to hide an involuntary smile and the areopagus of old ladies pronounced that the young queen had derided all the respectable persons who were pressing forward to pay their homage to her;

that she liked none but the young; that she was deficient in every point of decorum; and that not one of them would attend her court again. The epithet *moqueuse* was applied to her; and there is not an epithet less favourably received in the world.

The next day, a very ill-natured song was circulated; the seal of the party to which it was attributable, might easily be seen upon it. I remember none of it but the following chorus:—

"Little queen, you must not be
So saucy, with your twenty years;
Your ill-used courtiers soon will see
You pass, once more, the barriers.
Fal fal fal, fal fal la."

In the excursions to Marly, parties on horseback, and in calashes, were formed continually. The queen was desirous to gratify herself with one very innocent enjoyment; she had never witnessed the day-break: and having now no other consent than that of the king to seek, she intimated her wish to him. He agreed that she should go, at three o'clock in the morning, to the eminences of the gardens of Marly; and, unfortunately, little disposed to partake in her amusements, he himself went to bed. The queen then followed up her intention; but as she foresaw some inconveniences possible in this nocturnal party, she determined on having a number of people with her; and even ordered her women to accompany her. All precautions were ineffectual to prevent the effects of calumny, which even thus early sought to diminish the general attachment that she had inspired. A few days afterwards, the most wicked ballad that appeared, during the earlier years of this reign, was circulated at Paris. The blackest colours were employed to paint an enjoyment so harmless, that there is scarcely a young woman among those that live in the country, who has not endeavoured to procure it for herself. The verses which appeared on this occasion, were entitled "Sun Rise."*

The Duke d'Orleans, then Duke de Chartres was among those who accompanied the young queen in her nocturnal ramble; he appeared very attentive to her on that occasion; but it was the only moment of his life in which there was any advance towards intimacy between the queen and himself. The king disliked the character of the Duke de Chartres, and the queen always kept him at a distance from her private society. It is, therefore, without the slightest foundation in probability, that some writers have attributed to feelings of jealousy, or wounded self-love, the hatred which he displayed to

* It was thus, with libels and ill-natured ballads, that the enemies of Marie Antoinette hailed the first days of her reign. They exerted themselves every way to render her unpopular. Their aim was, beyond all doubt, to have her sent back to Germany; and there was not a moment to be lost in its accomplishment. That the indifference of the king towards his amiable and beautiful wife, had lasted so long, was already a matter of wonder; day after day it was to be expected that the seductive charms of Marie Antoinette would undo all their machinations.

wards the queen, during the latter years of their existence.'

This was that odious monster Egéité Orleans, who, if he had been guilty of no other crime than calumniating this princess, deserved the fate he suffered. Of the extent to which the etiquette of the court was carried, we have another amusing anecdote:—

'The princess's toilette was a masterpiece of etiquette; every thing done on the occasion was in a prescribed form. Both the dame d'honneur and the tire-woman usually attended and officiated, assisted by the principal lady in waiting, and two inferior attendants. The tire-woman put on the petticoat, and handed the gown to the queen. The dame d'honneur poured out the water for her hands, and put on her body linen. When a princess of the royal family happened to be present while the queen was dressing, the dame d'honneur yielded to her the latter act of office, but still did not yield it directly to the princesses of the blood; in such a case, the dame d'honneur was accustomed to present the linen to the chief lady in waiting, who in her turn, handed it to the princess of the blood. Each of these ladies observed these rules scrupulously, as affecting her rights. One winter's day it happened that the queen, who was entirely undressed, was just going to put on her body linen; I held it ready unfolded for her; the dame d'honneur came in, slipped off her gloves, and took it. A rustling was heard at the door; it was opened, and in came the Duchess d'Orleans; she took her gloves off, and came forward to take the garment; but as it would have been wrong in the dame d'honneur to hand it to her, she gave it to me, and I handed it to the princess: a further noise—it was the Countess de Provence; the Duchess d'Orleans handed her the linen. All this while the queen kept her arms crossed upon her bosom, and appeared to feel cold; madame observed her uncomfortable situation, and merely laying down her handkerchief, without taking off her gloves, she put on the linen, and, in doing so, knocked the queen's cap off. The queen laughed to conceal her impatience, but not until she had muttered several times—“how disagreeable! how tiresome!”'

How brutally the queen was treated, on some occasions, appears in the following extract:—

'While the queen, neglected as she was, could not even hope for the happiness of being a mother, she had the mortification to witness the confinement of the Countess d'Artois, and the birth of the Duke d'Angouleme.'

'Custom required that the royal family and the whole court should be present at the delivery of the princesses; that of the queen, was forced to be absolutely public. The queen was, therefore, obliged to stay the whole day in her sister-in-law's chamber. The moment the Countess d'Artois was informed it was a prince, she put her hand to her forehead, and exclaimed with energy, "my God, how happy I am!" The

queen felt very differently at this involuntary and natural exclamation. At that moment, she had not even the hope of being a mother. She nevertheless disguised her mortification. She bestowed all possible marks of tenderness upon the young mother, and would not leave her until she was put into bed; she afterwards passed along the staircase, and through the guard-room, with a calm demeanor, in the midst of an immense crowd. The *poissardes*, who had assumed a right of speaking to sovereigns, in their own gross and ridiculous language, followed her to her very apartments, calling out to her, in the most licentious expressions, that *she* ought to produce heirs. The queen reached her inner room, hurried and agitated; she shut herself up to weep with me alone, not from jealousy of her sister-in-law's happiness; of that she was incapable, but from affliction at her own situation.'

We shall not peruse the *Memoir* further at present, but select a few anecdotes, with which Madame Campan's work is very thickly interspersed, as well as a few which are added to each volume:—

Louis XV.—'The king was going out to hunt; a numerous retinue followed; he stopped opposite me. "Mademoiselle Genet," said he, "I am assured you are very learned, and understand four or five foreign languages." "I know only two sire," I answered, trembling. "Which are they?" "English and Italian." "Do you speak them fluently?" "Yes, sire, very fluently." "That is quite enough to drive a husband mad."

Singular Prediction.—'Madame Campan often related an anecdote which she had heard from the governor of the children of Prince Kaunitz. There was at that time at Vienna, a doctor named Gassner, who had fled thither to seek an asylum against the persecutions of his sovereign, one of the ecclesiastical electors. Gassner, gifted with an extraordinary warmth of imagination, imagined that he received inspirations. The empress protected him; saw him occasionally; rallied him on his visions, and, nevertheless, heard them with a sort of interest. "Tell me," said she to him, one day, "whether my Antoinette will be happy." Gassner turned pale, and remained silent. Being still pressed by the empress, and wishing to give a general kind of expression to the idea with which he seemed deeply occupied; "Madame," he replied, "there are crosses for all shoulders."

Turkish Bon Mot.—'I do not believe that the Turks are remarkable for saying good things; but they are, perhaps, better informed, than is generally imagined, as to the interests of the Christian powers, and the views, means, and resources of their cabinets. It is said, that the Grand Signor, on receiving the decree of the Convention, which ordained the abolition of royalty in France, could not help saying, "at least the republic will not marry an archduchess." This saying is rather too French to be Turk-

ish; but it is smart, which is quite enough to make people quote it.'

Fashion.—'One day, when the queen was receiving company, I was near the throne, with the two women on duty. All was right; at least I thought so. Suddenly, I perceived the eyes of Madame de Noailles fixed on mine. She made a sign with her head, and then raised her eyebrows to the top of her forehead, lowered them, raised them again; then began to make little signs with her hand. From all this pantomime, I could easily perceive that something was not as it should be; and as I looked about on all sides to find out what it was, the agitation of the countess kept increasing. The queen, who perceived all this, looked at me with a smile; I found means to approach her majesty, who said to me in a whisper, *let down your lappets, or the countess will expire.* All this bustle arose from two unlucky pins, which fastened up my lappets, whilst the etiquette of costume said, "lappets hanging down."

Damiens.—'The first event, which made an impression on me in my earliest childhood, was the attempt of Damiens to assassinate Louis XV. This occurrence struck me so forcibly that the most minute details relating to the confusion and grief which prevailed at Versailles on that day, seem as completely present to my imagination, as the most recent events. I had dined with my father and mother, in company with one of their friends. The drawing-room was lighted up with a number of candles, and four card tables were already occupied, when a friend of the gentleman of the house came in, with a pale and terrified countenance, and said, in a voice scarcely audible, "I bring you terrible news. The king has been assassinated!" Two ladies in company instantly fainted; a brigadier of the body guards threw down his cards, and cried out, "I do not wonder at it; it is those rascally Jesuits."—"What are you saying, brother," cried a lady, flying to him; "would you get yourself arrested?"—"Arrested! for what? for unmasking those wretches who want a bigot for a king?" My father came in: he recommended circumspection, saying that the blow was not mortal, and that all meetings ought to be suspended at so critical a moment. He had brought a chaise for my mother, who placed me on her knees. We lived in the avenue of Paris, and throughout our drive I heard incessant cries and sobs from the foot-paths. At last I saw a man arrested; he was an usher of the king's chamber, who had gone mad, and was crying out, "Yes, I know them, the wretches, the villains!" Our chaise was stopped by this bustle; my mother recognized the unfortunate man who had been seized; she named him to the marshalsea trooper who had stopped him. This faithful servant was merely conducted to the gens d'armes' hotel, which was then in the avenue. In times of public calamities, or national events, the slightest acts of imprudence may be fatal. When the people take part in an opinion or occurrence, we ought to avoid coming in contact with them, and even

warning them. Informations are no longer the result of an organized police, and punishments cease to emanate from impartial justice. At the period of which I am speaking the love of the sovereign was a sort of religion, and this attempt against the life of Louis XV. brought on a multitude of groundless arrests. M. de la Serre, then governor of the Invalides, his wife, his daughter, and some of his domestics, were taken up, because Mademoiselle de la Serre, who was that very day come from her convent to pass the holiday of the king's birth day with her family, said, in her father's drawing-room, on hearing this news from Versailles, "That is not to be wondered at; I have often heard mother N— say, that it would certainly happen, because the king is not sufficiently attached to religion. Mother N—, the director, and several of the nuns of this convent, were interrogated by the lieutenant of police. The public animosity against the Jesuits, kept up by the partisans of Port Royal and the adepts of the new philosophy, did not conceal the suspicions which they directed against the Jesuits; and although there was not the slightest proof against that order, the attempt to assassinate the king was certainly made use of against it, a few years afterwards, by the party which effected the destruction of the company of Jesus. The wretch Damiens avenged himself on several persons whom he had served in several provinces, by getting them arrested; and when they were confronted with him, he said to some of them, "It was out of revenge for your ill-treatment of me, that I put you into this fright." To some women he said, "That he had amused himself in his prison with the thoughts of the terror they would feel." This monster confessed, that he had murdered the virtuous La Bourdonnaye, by giving him a *lavement* of aquafortis. He had also committed several other crimes. People are too careless about those whom they take into their service; such examples prove, that too many precautions cannot be used in ascertaining the character of strangers, before we admit them into our houses.'

M. de Lansmath.—' His majesty one day asked M. de Lansmath, how old he was? He was aged, and by no means fond of thinking of his age; he evaded the question. A fortnight after, Louis XV. took a paper out of his pocket, and read aloud, "On such a day in the month of one thousand six hundred and eighty, was baptised by me, rector of the son of the high and mighty lord," &c. "What's that?" said Lansmath, angrily: "has your majesty been procuring the certificate of my baptism?"— "There it is, you see, Lansmath," said the King. "Well, sire, hide it as fast as you can; a prince entrusted with the happiness of twenty-five millions of men, ought not to hurt the feelings of one individual at pleasure."

The king learned that Lansmath had lost his confessor, a missionary priest of the parish of Notre Dame: it was the custom of the Lazarists to expose their dead, with

the face uncovered. Louis XV. wished to try his equerry's firmness "You have lost your confessor, I hear," said the king. "Yes, sire."—"He will be exposed with his face bare?"—"Such is the custom."—"I command you to go and see him."—"Sire, my confessor was my friend; it would be very painful to me."—"No matter; I command you."—"Are you really in earnest, sire?"—"Quite so."—"It would be the first time in my life that I had disobeyed my sovereign's order. I will go." The next day, the king, at his levee, at soon as he perceived Lansmath, said: "Have you done as I desired you, Lansmath?"—"Undoubtedly, sire."—"Well, what did you see?"—"Faith, I saw that your majesty and I are no great things!"

(To be continued.)

The Fourth Report of the Committee of the Society for the Improvement of Prison Discipline, and for the Reformation of Juvenile Offenders. 8vo. pp. 172. London, 1822.

No institution can be more praise-worthy, or better entitled to support, than that which has for its object to lessen crime, to reform criminals, and to see that the punishment of offenders is not aggravated by the inhumanity of their keepers. Such are the objects of the Society for the Improvement of Prison Discipline, and their labours have already been highly beneficial, particularly in reclaiming juvenile offenders, of which several instances are adduced in the Report. It is not, however, to this country alone that the labours of the Society are confined, they extend to foreign nations, and exhibit an interesting view of the state of the goals in France, Spain, Portugal, Russia, Prussia, Switzerland, and Norway.

As the despots of Europe are now about to enter on a crusade against the liberties of Spain, on the pretext that they are dangerous to other states, it may be interesting to take a view of some of the advantages Spain has gained by her constitutional government, since she shook off the odious yoke which so long oppressed her. The description of the Spanish goals was drawn up last May by a member of the Society for Improving Prison Discipline. We cannot insert the whole of it, but the extracts we shall make will show, that if the much-abused Cortes had done nothing else, they had reformed their goals:—

"From the epoch in which the Inquisition refined upon and perfected all the horrors of imprisonment, the state of the goals in the Peninsula had until lately been most dreadful. During the French invasion, though the immediate melioration of the prisons was frequently discussed, the whole

nation was too incessantly occupied by the terrible struggle in which it was engaged, to give any efficient attention to this, or indeed any other subject unconnected with that devastating war. Something, however, was done; and the abolition of the "Holy Office" released many victims from that "awful thrall," which placed them beyond the reach even of benevolent curiosity, and left them to the arbitrary decrees of secret tribunals, and to the unseen vengeance of irresponsible and unknown judges.

"Many of the leading characters of Spain have at one period or another learned, by sad and severe experience, the miseries of the former prison system; they have been taught to sympathize with the wretched prisoner, for they have been the witnesses of, and the sharers in, the horrors of his imprisonment.

"At Madrid, I have seen cells from which prisoners have come forth in utter and incurable blindness; there were others in which the body could rest in no one natural position, neither sitting, nor standing, nor kneeling, nor lying down.

"Though numberless instances of cruelty rush upon my mind, their recital might be ill-placed here; but it may be well, for the sake of illustration, to refer to the sufferings of two individuals, well known in this country, who have since occupied high and important offices in the state. One of them declared, that in the three first days of his arrest he employed himself in counting the number of vermin which he destroyed on his body; they amounted to thirty thousand! Another deputy assured me, that when allowed to change his linen, it had on every occasion become so pestiferous, that nothing which he could offer would induce any individuals, however poor, to receive it into their houses, and it was washed from time to time by a benevolent and respectable lady, who, in her open balcony, undertook a task which her lowest menial had refused to perform.

"In truth, no sufferings can be conceived more intolerable than those of many a prisoner confined in former times in the gaols of the Peninsula.* In a moist, miserable,

* An extract from a recent publication on prisons, by Dr. Jacobo Villanova y Jordán, one of the Spanish Judges may be here added:—

"In 1814, the king, for the first time, visited the prisons of Madrid. At this period those frightful chains were in use, which he ordered to be destroyed. There, also, were to be seen the cells, under ground, destitute of ventilation, where, to the ruin of health and morals, many poor wretches were obliged to sleep together, and respire the most impure and noisome atmosphere; and the courts whence, at the close of day, legions of immense rats issue forth, spreading into every corner, robbing the poor prisoner of his scanty allowance, and disturbing his rest. The criminal, the lover, and the murderer, the debtor and the robber, the forger and the ruffian, were herded indiscriminately together, and he who was guiltless along with them. Among the keepers, some were found who hardly knew the persons of their prisoners. In the prison called the Town Goal (which is shortly to be abolished, and the pris-

and dreary dungeon, oppressed with heavy chains, without a book to console him by day, without even a handful of straw on which to stretch himself at night; supplied with bad and insufficient food; shut out from all notice, from all sympathy, and in the hands of those whose hearts were as cold and as hard as the walls that enclosed him—what situation can be more terrible? I once noticed, on the walls of a Spanish prison, an admirable picture, drawn with charcoal, of an old and exhausted victim (portrayed perhaps by the sufferer himself) his beard unshorn, his body wasted, his countenance betokening despair, his fetters insupportable; and beneath were these lines, in Spanish:—

" O deem not, in a world like this,
That the worst suffering is to die!
No! dying were a privileged bliss
To the tired sons of misery."

And to such sons of misery death must have been a blessing.

Immediately after the re-establishment of the Constitutional Government in Spain, the first Cortes occupied themselves in applying remedies to some of the most obvious evils of the prison system. They speedily decreed, that no prisoner whatever should, on any pretence whatever, be confined in any unwholesome or subterraneous dungeon, or in any place not visited by the natural light of day. They also ordered, that no chains or fetters of any sort should, on any occasion, be employed; and I confess it was no small satisfaction to me, in my progress through Spain, to witness the destruction of those dismal cells which had been the scenes of so much calamity. The Cortes proceeded to form a prison committee, whose attention is especially directed to the state of the Spanish gaols; and several writers have sprung up, who have been directing the public attention to the subject, and who have excited a spirit of inquiry, and a desire of useful exertion throughout the Peninsula. Several of the public journals have lent themselves cheerfully to the important object; and I have remarked, indeed, in every quarter, that anxiety for information, which is the herald of benevolent intention. In most of the towns in Spain, the prisons are placed under the inspection of citizens elected by the popular suffrages; and their attention to their charges has greatly tended to stop the arbitrary proceedings which had been sanctioned, as it were, by the habits of centuries.

" Don Jacobo Villanova, now a judge at [redacted] sent to that termed " De la Corte"), there was a square room, about eight yards in length, and nine feet high; it was entered by an extremely dark and narrow passage, at each end of which were two doors. The prisoner confined within this space never saw the light of heaven. The pavement was of sandstone, and in the centre there was an iron collar, with a chain to confine the prisoner down to it. Although I have not seen the *grillera* of this gaol, I imagine it was as bad, or even worse than that of the Town Gaol. It was an instrument used for torture, for such prisoners as did not confess, to compel them to do so."

Valencia, proposed to the Cortes the adoption of Mr. Bentham's Panopticon plan of a prison, with sundry modifications. His scheme was referred to the Prison Committee, who requested a report from the Royal Society of Madrid. That report being favourable, the committee proposed that in all the capitals of the kingdom, and in all the towns in which there resides a judge of the first rank,—viz. between three and four hundred—prisons shall be constructed on the central inspection plan, of a size suited to the population, in which security, ventilation, salubrity, and an abundance of water shall be provided for; that these prisons shall be constructed remote from all other buildings, and at the extremity of the towns or cities referred to. They declare that the government of a prison shall be deemed honorary, and be given to military officers—in the provinces, captains—in the capital, colonels—whose salary, shall be, in Madrid, 24,000 rials; in the chief towns, 16,000 rials; in the small towns, 10,000 rials; and that he shall be personally responsible for the security and discipline of the prisoners, and for carrying into effect the prison regulations. The magistrates shall elect all other officers of the prison, and shall form the regulations, which must be submitted to the government for approval. They propose that all prison fees whatever shall be abolished; that there shall be classification dependent on age, crimes, signs of penitence, &c.; that the untried shall not be confounded with the condemned; that labour shall be introduced, the severity of which shall depend on the character of the crime, and other circumstances connected with the criminal; that a committee be appointed for visiting the prisons, and for seeing that the proposed regulations be carried into effect.

The committee of the Cortes introduce the subject with the following melancholy details, in which there is no exaggeration, nor attempt to delude.

The prisons of Spain, beginning by those of Madrid, are horrible caverns, in which it is impossible that health should be long preserved. It seems impossible that men should ever have been found so fierce and inhuman as to construct such edifices for their fellow-men. But if this appear incredible, how much more so is it that in the nineteenth century these dwellings should be still kept up—the shame and the execration of humanity. Dark dungeons, without light or air, are found in the two prisons of Madrid, of the *Corte* and of the *Villa*;—nothing but a miserable and insufficient ration provided for human beings;—condemned to live for years in utter darkness;—breathing mephitic air,—hearing nothing but the noise of bolts and fetters;—having no companions but the swarms of vermin which cover the walls of their gloomy abode, which incessantly prey upon their persons;—and condemned to sleep upon a mat, covered with a few filthy rags.

The doom of those who occupy the courts is hardly better. Exposed through the day to the intemperance and inclemency

of the seasons; lazy, wearied with their own existence; obliged constantly to listen to oaths and curses, grossness and obscenity—they suffer in an earthly hell—and to them the terrible denunciations of religion can have no anticipated terrors. And if in the day their fate is horrible, by night it is worse. Condemned to subterraneous dungeons, damp, and full of vermin, shut out from the common air—these are the scene of their repose; and the hour which brings to other mortals rest and sleep, prepares for them only mortification, shame, and misery.

Such is the gloom and insalubrity of the prisons of the kingdom. In Andalusia, there is not one which humanity can approve. Of the 1285 towns of the Chancilleria of Valladolid, only 167 have safe and wholesome prisons, so that 1118 towns are without prisons, or possess such as are unhealthy and insecure; and almost all are without sufficient means of subsistence. In Grenada, there are but twenty-two prisons which can be called capacious, secure, and tolerably salubrious; there are four hundred and ninety-one small, insecure prisons, dependent on charity. Those of Galicia are in the worst condition. In Asturias, there is not one which is safe, nor which possesses the means of serving food to the prisoners. In Estramadura, there are only a few, and those unhealthy. In Aragon, the only secure and healthy prisons are those of Alcaniz, Calatayud, and Zaragoza; the rest are so bad, that it is impossible to say which is the worst among them; and there are one thousand two hundred and eighty towns and villages without any prison. In the whole kingdom of Valencia, where there are a million of inhabitants, there is scarcely one secure and wholesome prison. In Catalonia, there are many districts without prisons; the number of tolerably safe and healthy prisons is forty-five; but they have no funds for the maintenance of the criminals; but the prisons of the Balearic Isles are worse than all. They are *mazmorras* (Moorish dungeons), and holes, where the stench, the humidity, and want of air, have caused more mortality than the virulent pestilence.

The loss of liberty and the punishment imposed by the law, are surely enough for the unfortunate criminal. What right has society, by its neglect or indifference to superadd these horrors; to confirm all that is atrocious in vice; to eradicate every thing that is left of virtue; to mingle the swindler with the homicide; the young and timid practitioner with the old and daring and irreclaimable criminal; and in a situation where, to do them any justice, every individual prisoner requires an individual guard?

It is, indeed, high time that such scenes of outrage should exist no longer; that such horrors should be blotted from the very memory of man. It is, indeed, high time that the light of civilization should penetrate those deadly dungeons—dungeons unvisited as yet by the pure light of day or the beams of the vivifying sun.

For the Cortes this work was reserved, and to them its glory will belong; and it

will bear their memory down to future grateful generations. "Is it possible," said some of the prisoners in the Madrid gaol, to one of the committee who visited them; "is it possible that the fathers of the country are already assembled in the sanctuary of the laws, and that they will not meliorate our situation? We ask no pardon for our crimes; we will suffer with resignation the penalties of the law; but why this unnecessary bitterness;—why these anticipated punishments, worse than death itself? If crimes have made us responsible to the law; if error, if ignorance, if a defective education, have dragged us into crimes, it is just that we should pay the price of our excesses; but it is not just that we should be treated with inhumanity and barbarity. Whatever our crimes have been, we were born men, and ought still to be looked on with the respect due to human nature. We are Spaniards! Our blood is your blood;—we are of one religion with you;—we are part of our country's great family." The committee could not but sympathise with such expressions of misery; they request that government do immediately meliorate the state of the prisons, giving ventilation to the apartments, abolishing all subterranean dungeons; and they recommend the adoption of the central inspection plan; that the prisoners be always within sight; that no light and air be wanting; that there be a classification of crimes and sexes; that the internal arrangements be simplified; that idleness be succeeded by industry; that food, cleanliness, and clothing be provided for the prisoners; and that every prison contain an apartment for the arrested before committal, a hall of audience, an hospital, and a chapel.

Hitherto, by a barbarous and criminal custom, the prisons of Spain have been a pecuniary possession, let out to the best bidder, who, in the ill-treatment and exactations on the prisoners, made their fortunes by the miseries they created. The taxes on entering, for exemptions from irons, for better or worse apartments, and, on leaving the prison, made the criminal the victim of injustice, in innumerable forms.

In this spirit of humanity, did the committee discharge their duty. Their names deserve to be recorded.—Vargas Ponce, Ramos Arispe, Alvarez Guerra, Villanueva, Priego, Canabal, Navarro, Ugarte, and Isturiz. The multiplicity of business which crowded on the Cortes, prevented the adoption or the discussion of their plan; but the present Cortes will be engaged ere long in carrying into effect the benevolent schemes of their predecessors.'

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December Tales. 12mo. pp. 231.
London, 1823.

If a great book is a great evil, and a long title-page but a dull index, these are faults of which the author of 'December Tales' is not guilty, since two words constitute his title; and the whole of his lucubrations are comprised within

the modest limits of a pocket volume, and that, too, so conveniently divided into subjects, that he must either be a very indolent or a very impatient reader who cannot get through one or two of his articles at a short sitting.

The 'December Tales' are of that class of writing, which, if we may judge by the quantity doled out to the public, has become very popular: it has usurped a considerable portion of many of our magazines, is read for a day, perhaps talked of for another, and then gives place to a succedaneum of the same class and character. We would not, however, be understood, as censoring this mixture of tale and essay which has been so successfully executed by Geoffrey Crayon, and one or two other living writers, but it is the mass of such writing with which we are inundated, and its general mawkishness and insipidity that makes it tedious; nor is the work now before us an exception; it is a volume which, however, every person may read, (that buys it, says a bookseller at our elbow) and reading be pleased with, but we scarcely think that it is one that will often be taken up either for amusement or instruction. The author often labours too hard for effect, sometimes for an effect which is unworthy of any labour; in other cases a fine opportunity for exciting interest is lost. This is particularly the case with one tale, entitled, 'The Mutiny,' which, in the hands of the authors of 'Waverley' or the 'Entail,' would have been worked up into a tale of the most powerful interest; but we are, perhaps, not treating the modest, and we would add, amiable author of 'December Tales' fairly, to compare him with two of the best novelists of the day, we will, therefore, let him speak for himself in the following story:—

'THE SEA-SPRIT.'

Passing the — in the summer of the year 17—, we were overtaken by a storm, which rapidly increased, and threatened, by its violence, to engulf us in the waves. To one who has never experienced such a scene, no description could convey an adequate idea of its horrors; and to those who have been so situated, the description would be superfluous. The roaring of the wind, the raging of the waves, the shivering canvass, and the noise of the creaking and straining cordage, can be but faintly imagined by any but those who have known the reality. As night approached, our situation became more dreadful, and darkness added to the other causes of terror. The ship was for hours darted along, and again burled back by successive waves. At length day broke, and the light of the morning, in some degree, revived our spirits; but the sight of

our vessel was, in itself, enough to destroy all hope. She had lost a mast, her rigging was burst and shivered, and the torn sails flapped about in long strips. It seemed that but little chance remained of the vessel weathering the storm, and the captain ordered the boats to be got out; and being speedily obeyed, the crew and the few passengers crowded into them. We left the ship, and in a few moments lost sight of her.

We were now entirely abandoned to the mercy of the elements. A few boards alone separated us from the ocean; we were exposed to the wind, rain, and the waves, and we had little prospect of escaping death. Added to these evils, our provisions were scanty, and damaged by the water. Our prospects were melancholy enough, and despair sat on every countenance. Each of us gazed at his neighbour, but shuddered at the horror and dismay which met his glance. Some sat in a sullen torpor, whilst others muttered ejaculations of despair, and gazed with wild and intense looks on the waves, which seemed ready to engulf us on every side.

The storm continued for several days; we were faint and weary with exertion and suffering. Some lay down to endeavour to obtain rest, while the others threw out the water which came into the boat. A tremendous wave rolled towards us; and the other boat, which had continued to keep at no great distance from us, was instantly swamped, and one of our men washed overboard. The fate of our comrades contributed to increase our misery, for the same fate might every moment overtake the survivors. Our provisions were exhausted, and famine stared us in the face. We chewed the soft leather of our shoes, to deaden the sense of hunger, for every morsel of food had been consumed. One of our number died. He was to be thrown over into the sea. Two sailors laid hold of the body to perform that last sad office to it. A sudden thought seemed to seize their minds; they hesitated, and looked round. It was dreadful; no one spoke, yet every one knew what was meant. The sailors laid the body down; some horrid feeling seemed to agitate every breast, but it could not burst forth in words. It was the deep silence of every one in the boat, the motion of the eye, a certain pervading feeling, which told each man why the body was again placed in the boat, instead of its being committed to its watery grave.

At last the captain spoke; but his voice could scarce be heard, amid the raging of the contending elements. "Why is not the body thrown into the sea?" he said; "will ye keep him here to rot and decay? or do you wish to satisfy your hunger on the carcass of your fellow?" He laid hold of the body, and speaking to a sailor, they lifted it over the side of the boat, and it disappeared.

The weather soon altered, and grew calm. One morning we were greeted with the welcome cry of land. We strained our eyes to see it, and plainly perceived it at a considerable distance. We laboured at

our oars, and towards evening arrived at it. With some difficulty we landed, and looked round on a barren and comfortless tract of country, principally level, and occasionally interrupted by rocks jutting out of the ground, or an ill-formed and bare tree. We were, however, too much rejoiced to have escaped from the sea, to examine minutely the spot on which we were thrown. Exhausted with continued fatigue, we lay down on the ground, and enjoyed a profound sleep till morning. When we arose from our slumbers, the bleak and cheerless prospect depressed our spirits; we were without either shelter or food, and the latter want pressed us most severely. For five days we had not tasted food. We wandered about in hopes of meeting with something, but there were no traces that might indicate that any living creatures, save ourselves, existed on this barren spot; a few roots, however, rewarded our search, and, in some degree, satisfied our hunger. We spoke but little, and that little consisted in useless and unavailing repinings. At length, it occurred, that we were totally destitute of any lodging to protect us from the rigour of the weather, and we therefore set about looking out for a spot, suitable for erecting some kind of shelter. Two rocks, which were considerably elevated above the level ground, formed an angle which would shelter us on two sides. We stuck our oars in the ground, and stretched on them a large piece of canvass, which had been used as a sail, and which we had brought along with us in the boat. We were uncovered, and exposed over head, it was true, but we were safe on ground, and even this most of us considered far preferable to being cast about on the ocean, in a boat which one wave might swallow up for ever. The weather was now fine and dry; the few trees on the island were covered with verdure; and the leaves, strewed on the ground, composed our humble beds, and were likewise of greater use in another manner. We contrived, by means of a pistol and a little powder, to light a fire with leaves and branches which we broke off the trees. The scene in the evening, when the mists began to gather around, was highly picturesque. The flame rose in high and curling flashes, threw its red glare over the island, and blazed against the rocks. As it increased, it was reflected on the waves, and extended in a long red blaze over the water. My companions, as they moved about in the light, which shewed more plainly their hard and deep marked features, seemed like some strange and fearful beings, performing their unhallowed rites. We gradually grew more cheerful, and hope represented to us the chance, that some vessel might pass by, and relieve us from our present desolate situation. Still our condition was wretched, and our food scarce and unwholesome, consisting merely of roots, and the few fish of various kinds that we occasionally found on the shore.

An incident occurred, which rather startled us, and did not contribute to add to our comfort. A sailor, who had been wan-

dering about the island, had remained out later than usual, and came running into our inclosure out of breath, his eyes starting from their sockets, and exhibiting all the marks of violent terror. We inquired earnestly the reason of this appearance. As soon as he had sufficiently recovered himself, he exclaimed, "I have seen a ghost!" Sailors are generally superstitious, and we stared at each other with wild looks, as if each expected to encounter the eyeless scull and bloody winding-sheet of some terrible apparition. The captain only preserved his composure unmoved; he laughed at our fears, and joked the ghost-seer unmercifully. The man, however, persisted in his tale. He was walking on the shore, at a part of the island to which we had seldom resorted in our peregrinations, on account of its particularly rugged and barren appearance. Here, as he was picking up some shell-fish, which lay at his feet, his attention was engaged by a slight noise, and looking up, he perceived, to his horror, the figure of a man, which seemed to skim along the surface of the water, and was followed by a female form who pursued him, and whom he strove, but in vain, to avoid. The woman overtook him, and, with a tremendous laugh, plunged him into the waves. In a moment after, the apparition disappeared, and he saw it no more.

Various were the speculations which this narration gave birth to, among the members of our society. A degree of fear prevailed among us, and whispers were circulated, as if every one had dreaded to hear the sound of his own voice. The captain, too, it was remarked, who had at first made the circumstance an object of merriment, now seemed inwardly troubled, and strove in vain to dispel the melancholy which clouded his brow.

On retiring to rest, all huddled together in the farthest angle of the rocks. Sleep came over us; but the imaginations of many tormented them with ghostly dreams, and occasionally, an exclamation of horror would burst from some one, and disturb the others, who, scared at the noise, joined in the hubbub, thus increasing the general confusion.

Morning broke, and dispelled the visions which had haunted us. Our first operation was, to accompany the man to the place where, according to his narration, the spirits had appeared. Nothing was, however, to be found, excepting (what were much more acceptable than ghosts) some shell fish, which, however, the superstitious apprehensions of one or two of our number prevented their touching. Others, who paid less respect to the supernatural visitors, or were more hungry, speedily devoured this sort of food. The day wore away without any novelty occurring, and the shades of the evening began to descend. The sun, which had sunk beneath the sea, still illuminated the edges of the light clouds that skirted the horizon. It was a sweet evening; one of those whose soft and gentle influence steal upon the soul, conjuring up those delightful reminiscences and lang-syne ideas, that the

mind dwells upon with unfading pleasure. The wind was quite still, and we sat down near our habitation (if such a name may be given to such a spot.) The captain, who had been silent all day, now spoke, and informed us, that he thought he was able to disclose some particulars relating to the last night's occurrence. Every one drew nearer to his neighbour, and prepared to listen, with long faces and open mouths, not unmixed with sundry twists of the eyes over the left and right shoulders, to have due warning, in case any unearthly visitant should clandestinely attempt to attack us in the rear. To obviate the possibility of this, however, we drew, as by instinct, into a circle, in which position, every side being guarded, no undue advantage could be taken up by any emissary from the invisible world. "When I was a cabin-boy on board the *Thunder-proof*," said the captain, who, as orator, was stationed in the centre of the assembly, "a plot was concerted, by the greater part of the crew, to murder the captain, and take possession of the vessel. I, with several others who were unconcerned in the scheme, knew nothing of it till the moment of its execution. We were suddenly seized and pinned; and the captain, after being severely wounded, was thrown overboard. His wife was in the ship, and hearing the noise, came on deck.

"The villain who had concerted the plot, caught her in his arms; she struggled, and escaping his grasp, ran to the ship's side, where stumbling, she was again seized. Perceiving herself in the wretch's power, she desisted from her endeavours to free herself; and he, deceived by her apparent submission, relaxed his hold. At this moment she caught him in her grasp, and with a violent effort, sprung over the ship's side, dragging the ruffian along with her. We heard them fall into the water; we heard the shrill and heart-rending scream of her victim, as he received his well-merited punishment. We were afterwards unbound; perhaps the villains considered us too few and too insignificant to excite alarm among them. They did not long enjoy the fruits of their crimes. The vessel was wrecked, and I and two others alone escaped; and since that time, the seas near that spot have been considered as haunted by the spirits of the victims and the murderers. Doubtless, it was near this island that the events took place; but, having lost our compass, we can only guess at it; and the appearance which was seen by Jenkins last night, bears relation to the events I have mentioned."

This narrative by no means tended to quiet our fears, which rose to a considerable height. After much deliberation, it was proposed that we should sit up and wait in expectation of the unwelcome visitants, which proposal was agreed to by many, with fear and trembling, who, however, assented, that they might not be thought to possess less courage than their fellows.

Hour after hour passed; but we neither saw nor heard any thing to justify our fears. The disagreeableness of the situation made the time seem much longer than it was in

reality. We began to grow uneasy of waiting for spirits, and some spoke of giving up the watch. Still we delayed, when, on the surface of the ocean, far off, a dim light appeared. Certainly it would be highly indecorous in me to speak aught reflecting on the courage of British sailors; but, nathless, I will venture to affirm, that the hair of every individual stood in a more upright and porcupine position than they were wont to do. The appearance presently assumed a more definite form; it seemed the likeness of a woman, and we perceived, with feelings by no means pleasant, that it approached the shore. A second figure was perceived in the act of avoiding the first. It fled towards the shore, and was pursued with incredible speed by the other. It had almost reached the shore, when it was overtaken by the female form. She seized on the hair of his head, dragged him round, and with a laugh, that curdled the blood in my veins, seemingly plunged her victim in the waves, and disappeared. My companions were petrified with terror, and the captain lay senseless on the ground. At last we regained some degree of self-possession, and raising the captain, with much difficulty restored him to the use of his faculties. But the impression made upon him by the scene was so strong, that it was a considerable time before he perfectly recovered from the effects of it. He declared that he knew the features of the figures as well as he knew any one living. He became extremely uneasy, as did the rest of us, at our abode on this island, and we thought of again trusting to the boat for our deliverance, when we were fortunately taken up by a vessel, and conveyed to England. Our joy at revisiting our native country may be conceived, but not described; but, if I may judge of my own feelings, none of us wish again to tempt like dangers.'



Narrative of a Voyage round the World, in the Uranie and Physicienne Corvettes, commanded by Capt. Freycinet, during the years 1817—1820. By J. ARAGO.

(Continued from p. 84.)

THERE is nothing which more strongly marks the difference between the English and the French sailors, than their conduct in cases of danger and hardship. In case of shipwreck, an English sailor uses every exertion to save himself and his comrades, and when that is impossible, yields to his fate with a calmness and resignation that is truly heroic; the French sailors, on the contrary, are all impatience, rage, and despair, a striking instance of which was exhibited in the shipwreck of the *Mediterranea*, when the sailors acted rather like madmen than rational beings. The same difference occurs on other occasions: we all admire the steady fortitude of our countrymen, who will pass months of dismal weariness and danger

in the Arctic Ocean without a murmur; or traverse regions unknown and uncivilized, with as much ardour as if each individual was to have the sole honour and advantage of his discoveries; this is not so with the French, in whom that kindred enthusiasm is seldom excited; and thus it is that we find, while Capt. Freycinet remained at Rio Janeiro, several of his men deserted, and he was obliged to supply the crew with new hands.

From Rio, Capt. Freycinet proceeded to the Cape of Good Hope, of which M. Arago gives an account. Speaking of Cape Town, he says:—

‘The theatre is a little *bijou*, of bad taste and cleanliness. Here are sometimes performed French pieces, done into verse by one Ignace Boniface, who is the favourite dramatist of the Cape. He has lately translated into irregular verse *Robert Chef de Brigands jocrisse corrigé*, and other masterpieces of the same stamp.

‘The public library is composed of about sixty volumes bound in old parchment, a very beautiful edition of the Holy Bible, two sculls of savages, and eight or ten weapons of the Hottentots. The librarian is, as I was assured, a man of great weight. That he certainly is, for he weighs at least twenty stone. To me he appeared massive in every way. Surprised at an application to see the establishment of which he is the director, and flurried, perhaps, by the idea of the importance which that title would give him in our estimation, he could not at first find the keys; and we were therefore obliged to wait above half an hour before we could gain admittance. He talked to us about some plans for the enlargement of the place; and when we expressed our surprise—‘You must not imagine,’ said he, with a consequential look, ‘that this is all our stock: we have in a garret half as many more volumes, which the rats would totally destroy if I did not keep an eye upon them....and some cats too. I hope to show you them on the shelves when you return. I beg your pardon, gentlemen, for being obliged to leave you, to attend to my duties as churchwarden. To-morrow morning, between five and six, I shall be quite at your service.’ We quitted Mr. Churchwarden-Librarian, thanking him for his politeness, but little disposed to avail ourselves of it a second time.

‘Out of one hundred inhabitants of Cape Town, scarcely two know that there is a public library, so little is it worth seeing, and so indifferent is it to them whether they are deemed ignorant or not.’

Some curious customs are also noticed, one of which is, that a tradesman who becomes a bankrupt, is obliged to go in mourning, which he also wears when he loses his wife. The first is the full mourning. Passing over some very silly gossiping about a political shoemaker at the Cape, which ought not to

have been admitted into a work of this sort, we come to the Isle of France, of which M. Arago says:—

‘This country, as I have observed, appeared to me to be a country of romance. Several important facts, and some extraordinary historical events, seem to justify my notion. Various persons there knew the daughter-in-law of the Czar Peter, who, apprehensive of being included in the charges brought against her husband, and dreading the like fate, escaped from Russia and retired to Paris, where she long lived in obscurity. She there married in the sequel a M. Moldac, or Maldac, serjeant-major in a regiment that was sent to the Isle of France, and who, after his arrival, was promoted, by command of the court, to a majority. The husband was apparently acquainted with the rank of his wife, and never spoke to her but with respect. M. de la Bourdonnaie himself, and all his officers, treated her with the same consideration; and it was not till after the death of her second husband, that the wife of Petrowitz disclosed her rank.

‘There died also, during our short stay here, a Madame de Pujo, wife of a French colonel of that name. She was the celebrated Anastasia, the mistress of Benyowsky, who took her with him when he fled from exile in Siberia, and who accompanied him to Kamtschatka, to China, to this colony, and to Madagascar, where he was killed by a detachment of French troops, sent by the governor of the Isle of France to remove him from that island, of which he sought to make himself sovereign, and where he had already formed a considerable party.

‘Few men have experienced so many vicissitudes as Benyowsky, and his daring spirit alone can account for his success. He had one leg much shorter than the other, and it was upon this that he habitually rested; but when irritated, he raised himself upon the longer, his sparkling eyes became still more expressive, and his strongly-marked features assumed so fierce a character as to strike terror into all around him. His astonishing presence of mind in the greatest dangers, his invincible perseverance in his daring projects, his unparalleled success—what more did he require to reign over a people with whom fool-hardiness is the chief of virtues?’

The Isle of Bourbon also furnishes us with an extract:—

‘The volcano of Bourbon, still in a state of eruption, exercises its ravages in a space called the burnt country. The quantity of lava it ejects is extraordinary; its flanks are covered with smaller volcanoes, which there appear as simple hills; yet these hills are not inferior in size to that Vesuvius at which Naples trembles. Etna alone exceeds it in height, at the same time it is inferior in activity. The road hitherto pursued to reach the volcano was that through the interior, called Plaine des Sables. M. de Cremon, and a M. Bert, of whom M. Bory de St. Vincent makes honourable mention, were the only persons who had reached its triple

summit by this way. It is certain, that Commerson, and even Dupetit Thouars himself had viewed the summit only at a distance. A breach in the enclosure, improperly called Pas de Belcome, was the only passage said to be commodious. M. Bory found a much safer path; and on another occasion he ascended the mountain from the side next the sea, previously deemed impracticable; and this he thinks the easiest road, at least he has recommended it to future visitors.'

The expedition landed on the Peninsula of Péron, in New Holland, and penetrated into the interior:

' During this little excursion, too, we saw one of those holes mentioned by Péron in his voyage to the Austral Countries, in which he supposes the savages dwell. For my part, I do not think so. The opening is round; it is about four or five feet in diameter; the depth is seven or eight feet, and perpendicular. At the bottom is a circular bench, on which there were still some dry leaves; it was too feet high, and I remarked near it a little earth, which appeared to have recently fallen there. I suppose the savages, to ascend, place their feet at the extremities of the diameters of the pit, in the same way as our little chimney-sweepers. Supposing M. Péron to be right in his conjecture, I should like to know how the savages protect themselves against the rain, in a hole with so large an aperture, as I do not perceive any means they would have for closing it, unless we ascribe to these poor creatures a degree of industry, of which they appear totally destitute, looking merely at their weapons and wretched huts. This pit, covered with a little earth and a few branches, was probably dug to catch some wild beast; this opinion at least appears to me the most plausible; it is difficult to admit any other, and in this I had the satisfaction of finding my companion coincide.'

' We encamped at the foot of the highest hill, after having kindled a large fire, which we kept burning the whole night. The next day, early in the morning, we resumed our march; and after having crossed the lake, at a place rather broad than deep, we directed our steps toward our camp, which we reached at noon, worn out with fatigue and thirst, but well pleased to learn, that our friends had crawled thither the night preceding, though in a truly deplorable state. This day, the 21st, they are scarcely recovered from their sufferings which must have been terrible. The savages probably took another course, for, after all our searches, we could only find ten or a dozen miserable ruined huts, which too, perhaps, they had left with much regret.'

' These huts are formed of a few branches crossing each other, covered with brushwood and clay, six feet in depth, four or five in breadth, and three and a half above the ground. The entrance is almost always on the side facing the wind that most commonly blows. The natives make their fires in the centre, and sometimes around them.'

The best are very rudely constructed, and insufficient to shelter them from the heat of the sun or violence of the wind. On some high points they erect also a kind of observatory, formed of a few trunks of trees, on which they post themselves to observe the distant country. It is built as rudely as their huts, and cannot be of more use to them.

' On quitting this death-like abode, we left at least a proof, that we had not been drawn to it by any culpable views: we deposited on the shore a pretty ample store of French beans, two or three looking-glasses, some scissors, two iron hoops, and a few knives, which we had passed into oysters half open, to show them their use. When I consider the resources of these unfortunate beings, their mode of existence appears to me quite a problem.'

' They are of a middling stature; their skin is as black as ebony; their eyes are small and lively; they have a broad forehead, flat nose, large mouth, thick lips, and white teeth; their breast is tolerably broad, and covered, as well as the belly, with little incisions; their extremities are slender; their motions quick and numerous; their gestures rapid; their weapons not very dangerous; their agility is surprising; their language noisy. Some of them are tatooed with red. The woman we saw had her forehead tatooed. A shell hanging from the girdle appeared to me to distinguish the chief of the troop, supposing it to pay obedience to any other chief than nature.'

We shall conclude, for the present, with some particulars relating to the Malays in the Islands of Timor:—

' The priests of the Malays are prophets or augurs. At Rottie and Timor there are four in each town, the eldest of whom is the chief. These priests read futurity in the entrails of victims; and chickens are the animals to which they have most commonly recourse. Besides being less expensive than pigs, buffaloes, or ducks, which also are used occasionally, the priests have more experience in reading their vocabularies, and appear more certain of what they announce.'

' The augurs are consulted on all important affairs: for example, on declaring war, on fixing the day of battle, and on the issue of it. They not unfrequently declare the number of enemies that will be killed, and of prisoners that will be taken; and, like the augurs of the Greeks and Trojans, they always convey their predictions in equivocal terms.'

' The priests may marry, and their functions are hereditary; at the birth of one of their children we may therefore boldly predict, that he will hereafter turn out a knave.'

' When the high priest rides out, the use of saddles is forbidden to all who accompany him. Except on this occasion, saddles are not prohibited, whatever certain travellers may say; and their religion gives no directions in regard to them: but they are seldom used by the Malays, who ride bare-backed and without stirrups, guiding the horses by their voices or a slight rein.'

' In every town there is a sacred house called *rouma-pamali*. It is both the residence of the augur and the place where the royal treasure is kept. No person is allowed to enter it except the rajah. To it are brought the heads of the prisoners taken in war, after the brains have been extracted. They are afterwards hung upon trees, chiefly near the tombs of victorious rajahs; a trophy worthy of these barbarous people. The heads of enemies that have fallen in the field of battle are exposed for nine days in the *rouma-pamali*; and during this time alone the people have the right of admission to that dwelling, where so many sacrileges are committed.'

' When the rajah dies, he is carried to the *rouma-pamali*, where the corpse is exposed for some days to the veneration of the people.'

' It appears that marriages are unaccompanied by any religious ceremony. The suitor makes presents to his father-in-law proportionate to his fortune, and to the value he sets on the wife he demands. Infants are carried at their birth to the *rouma-pamali*, where they seldom receive the name of their parents.'

' At the death of a Malay, the assembled relations sing, while the corpse is exposed to view on mats, and a slave, with a fan of cock's feathers, keeps off all insects from the face.'

' The corpse, carried by the friends, is thrown into a pit, in which some of the moveables most prized by the deceased are also deposited. Every thing disappears with him . . . even his remembrance. I was present at one of these funeral ceremonies, where five or six persons uttered doleful cries. The next day I found them as tranquil as if they had nothing to regret.'

' I do not like a people among whom grief is so transient.'

' The sceptre of the rajahs is hereditary; and the eldest brother succeeds to the government.'

' When all the brothers are dead, or there are none, the eldest son of the first rajah, or the eldest of his brothers, is heir to the crown. Females have no claim to the succession; but I am surprised that they have permitted this law in a country where they appear to reign over the sovereigns'.'

' The rajahs have under them officers, called *toumoukouns*; the only dignitaries that separate the sovereign from his people. The number of these officers is proportionate to the power of the rajah: the king of the island of Dao has seven; Bao, king of Rottie, had eighteen.'

' When a Malay is guilty of assassination, he is bound to pay a sum greater or less, assessed by the sovereign: and if he be unable to pay it, he becomes a slave.'

' I have already told you that the women of Rottie are the most celebrated for beauty: I had forgotten to add, that they are the most debauched, and that this island alone formerly peopled Timor.'

* * The rajahs pay great regard to their favourite wives, while the lower class of people pretty generally despise theirs.'

They are very fruitful; and the number of children in a family is commonly four or five.

The age of puberty in girls is from twelve to fourteen; in boys, from sixteen to eighteen.

Yesterday, a boy of fourteen or fifteen ran away from his master: a slave, endeavouring to stop him, was stabbed by him in the throat with a knife. The latter having pulled out the knife, and struck the fugitive with it, he dropped down dead. Is this carrying the desire of revenge far? The assassin was taken to the governor's secretary, who told us that he should send him to Java, where the slave would be hung.

The countenance of this child was gentle; and, though he had received a pretty large wound in the nape of his neck, there was a repulsive intrepidity in his look.

Among the people called to the defence of the Dutch, in the wars they had to maintain, we remarked the warriors of Savu and Solor, almost all of whom served as volunteers.

Those of Solor, in particular, furnish examples of extreme cruelty in battle. It is said, when they have brought an enemy to the ground, they throw themselves on him, and dispatch him with their teeth.

In general, their battles are very bloody; one is quite sufficient to decide the issue of a war.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

LAS CASES'S JOURNAL.

(Concluded from p. 38.)

WE resume this volume for the sake of giving another portion of its valuable contents to our readers. When Napoleon was informed of the unfortunate attempt of Porlier to rouse the Spaniards to resist the tyranny of Ferdinand of Spain, he said:—

"I am not in the least surprised that such an attempt should have been made in Spain. Those very Spaniards who proved themselves my most inveterate enemies when I invaded their country, and who acquired the highest glory by the resistance they opposed to me, immediately appealed to me on my return from Elba. They had, they said, fought against me as their tyrant; but they now came to implore my aid as their deliverer. They required only a small sum to emancipate themselves, and to produce in the Peninsula a revolution similar to mine. Had I conquered at Waterloo, it was my intention immediately to have assisted the Spaniards. This circumstance sufficiently explains to me the attempt that has lately been made. There is little doubt but it will be renewed again. Ferdinand, in his madness, may grasp his sceptre as firmly as he will; but one day or other it will slip through his fingers like an eel."

In one of Las Cases's conversations with Napoleon on European politics, the latter observed, that the condition of France was by no means improved:—

"The Bourbons," he repeated, "have now no other resource than severity. Four months have already elapsed, the allied forces are about to be withdrawn, and none but half measures have been taken. The affair has been badly managed. A government can exist only by its principle. The principle of the French government evidently is to return to old maxims; and it should do this openly. In present circumstances, the Chambers, above all, will be fatal; they will inspire the king with false confidence, and will have no weight with the nation. The king will soon be deprived of all means of communication with them. They will no longer follow the same religion, nor speak the same language. No individual will henceforth have a right to undeceive the people with regard to any absurdities that may be propagated; even if it should be wished to make them believe that all the springs of water are poisoned, and that trains of gunpowder are laid underground." The emperor concluded by observing, that there would be some juridical executions, and an extreme desire of re-action, which will be sufficiently strong to irritate, but not to subdue, &c.

As to Europe, the emperor considered it to be as violently agitated as it had ever been. The powers of Europe had destroyed France, but she might one day revive through commotions arising among the people of different nations, whom the policy of the sovereigns was calculated to alienate; the glory of France might also be restored through a misunderstanding among the allied powers themselves, which would probably ensue.'

Amidst the details of war and the intrigues of princes, we sometimes meet with a few observations on subjects of literature and taste which are highly interesting. Napoleon was very fond of plays, particularly tragedies:—

He remembers an immense quantity of poetry, which he learned when he was eighteen years old, at which time, he says, he knew much more than he does at present. The emperor is delighted with Racine, in whom he finds an abundance of beauties. He greatly admires Corneille, but thinks very little of Voltaire, who, he says, is full of bombast and trick; always incorrect; unacquainted either with men or things, with truth or the sublimity of passion.

At one of the evening levees at Saint Cloud, the emperor analysed a piece which had just been brought out; it was *Hector*, by *Luce de Lancival*: this piece pleased him very much; it possessed warmth and energy of character. He called it a *head-quarter* piece; and said that a soldier would be better prepared to meet the enemy after seeing or reading it. He added, that it would be well if there were a greater number of plays written in the same spirit.—Then advertiring to those dramatic productions which he termed *waiting-maids' tragedies*, he said they would not bear more than one representation, after which they suf-

fered a gradual diminution of interest. A good tragedy, on the contrary, gains upon us every day. The higher walk of tragedy, continued he, is the school of great men; it is the duty of sovereigns to encourage and disseminate a taste for it. Nor is it necessary, he said, to be a poet, to be enabled to judge of the merits of a tragedy: it is sufficient to be acquainted with men and things, to possess an elevated mind, and to be a statesman. Then becoming gradually more animated, he added with enthusiasm,— "tragedy fires the soul, elevates the heart, and is calculated to generate heroes. Considered under this point of view, perhaps, France owes to Corneille a part of her great actions; and, gentlemen, *had he lived in my time, I would have made him a prince.*"

Talma, the celebrated tragedian, had frequent interviews with the emperor, who greatly admired his talent, and rewarded him magnificently. When the first consul became emperor, it was reported all over Paris, that he had Talma to give him lessons in attitude and costume. The emperor, who always knew every thing that was said against him, rallied Talma one day on the subject, and finding him look quite disconcerted and confounded,— "You are wrong," said he, "I certainly could not have employed myself better, if I had had leisure for it." On the contrary, it was the emperor who gave Talma lessons in his art: "Racine," said he to him, "has loaded his character of Orestes with imbecilities, and you only add to their extravagance. In the *Mort de Pompée* you do not play Cæsar like a hero; in *Britannicus*, you do not play Nero like a tyrant." Every one knows the corrections which Talma afterwards made in his performances of these celebrated characters.

Nothing could convince Napoleon of the folly of thinking to conquer England; and he fancied that if he had landed, he would have been in London in four days. "I should," says he, "have entered the English capital, not as a conqueror, but as a liberator. I should have been another William III." This shows how little Napoleon really knew of the English character, notwithstanding his generally deep and correct insight into human nature:—

"It was supposed," said he, "that my scheme was merely a vain threat, because it did not appear that I possessed any reasonable means of attempting its execution. But I had laid my plans deeply, and without being observed. I had dispersed all our French ships; and the English were sailing after them to different parts of the world. Our ships were to return suddenly and at the same time, and to assemble in a mass along the French coasts. I would have had seventy or eighty French or Spanish vessels in the channel; and I calculated that I should continue master of it for two months. Three or four thousand little boats were to be ready at a signal. A hundred thousand men were every day drilled in embarking and landing,

as a part of their exercise. They were full of ardour, and eager for the enterprise, which was very popular with the French, and was supported by the wishes of a great number of the English. After landing my troops, I could calculate upon only one pitched battle, the result of which could not be doubtful; and victory would have brought us to London. The nature of the country would not admit of a war of manœuvring. My conduct would have done the rest. The people of England groaned under the yoke of an oligarchy. On feeling that their pride had not been humbled, they would have ranged themselves on our side. We should have been considered only as allies come to effect their deliverance. We should have presented ourselves with the magical words of liberty and equality."

Among unfinished projects which Napoleon has contemplated, we find the following:—

"On his return from Elba, the emperor said he had an idea of dining every Sunday in the *Galerie de Diane*, with four or five hundred guests: this, said he, would undoubtedly have produced a great effect on the public, particularly at the time of the *Champ de Mai*, on the assembling of the Deputies from the departments at Paris; but the rapidity and the importance of business prevented it. Besides, he was apprehensive, perhaps, that there might have been observed in this measure, too great an affectation of popularity, and that his enemies abroad might give it the semblance of fear on his part."

The 20th of March was a remarkable day in the history of Bonaparte; it was the birth day of the King of Rome, and the day on which Napoleon entered Paris on his return from Elba. Speaking of that day in St. Helena, Las Cases says:—

"After dinner one of us observed to the emperor, that he had been less solitary, less quiet that day twelvemonth at the same hour. 'I was sitting down to table at the Tuilleries,' said the emperor. 'I had found it difficult to get there: the dangers I went through in that attempt were at least equal to those of a battle.' In fact he had been seized upon, on his arrival, by thousands of officers and citizens; one party had snatched him from another; he had been carried to the palace, and amidst a tumult like that of a mob about to tear a man to pieces, instead of the orderly and respectful attendance of a multitude intent on shewing their veneration for an individual. But we ought to look at the sentiment and intention in this case: it was enthusiasm and love carried to a pitch that resembled delirious rage.

The emperor added, that in all probability, more than one person in Europe would talk of him that evening; and that, in spite of all observation, many a bottle would be emptied in his cause."

We have only room for one extract more:

'The emperor, in the course of conversation, observed, speaking of Egypt and Syria, that if he had taken Saint-Jean-d'Acre, as ought to have been the case, he would have wrought a revolution in the east. "The most trivial circumstances," said he, "lead to the greatest events. "The weakness of the captain of a frigate, who stood out to sea instead of forcing a passage into the harbour, some trifling impediments with respect to some shallop or light vessels, prevented the face of the world from being changed. Possessed of Saint-Jean d'Acre, the French army would fly to Damascus and Aleppo; in a twinkling it would have been on the Euphrates; the Christians of Syria, the Druses, the Christians of Armenia, would have joined it: nations were on the point of being shaken." One of us having said that they would have presently been reinforced with four hundred thousand men. "Say six hundred thousand," replied the emperor; "who can calculate what it might have been? I should have reached Constantinople and the Indies; I should have changed the face of the world."

The deep interest which these memorials of Napoleon have excited, the authenticity of the details, and the impartial manner in which the work is written, make the public look forward with considerable anxiety for the succeeding volumes, which we understand are in a forward state.

ANECDOTES OF ECCENTRICITY.

(From Part XXXIX of the *Percy Anecdotes*.)

'Extraordinary Bequests.—The late Mr. Peter Isaac Thelluson, whose name is immortalized by one of the most extraordinary testamentary deeds on record, was a native of France. Early in life, he settled as a merchant in London, and made there that immense fortune which became the subject of his will. It amounted to about seven hundred thousand pounds. To his wife and children, he left 100,000. The residue he bequeathed to certain trustees, who were to lay it out in the purchase of estates in England, and to lay out all the accumulating proceeds from these estates in the same manner, until all the male children of his sons and grandsons should be dead. If at that remote period there should be any of his lineal descendants alive, the whole of the Thelluson property is to be their's, on condition that if they are of a different name, they shall assume that of their munificent benefactor. Before this can happen, however, it is estimated that from ninety to one hundred and twenty years must elapse. If the succession should open at the first of these periods, the property will amount to about thirty-five millions; if not till the last, to one hundred and forty millions! Should there, however, be none of the line of Thelluson existing at the demise of all the male children of his sons and grandsons, then the whole of the estates are to be sold, and the money applied to the *sinking fund*, under the direction of Parliament.

'Mr. Thelluson's heirs at law instituted a process in the Court of Chancery, to set aside the will; but after many long and learned arguments, it was pronounced to be a good and valid disposal of property.

'It is an old saying, that *they manage these matters better in France*; and some persons may think the adage confirmed by the following case in point, which we meet with in the judicial records of that country. M. Boursalt had, like Mr. Thelluson, acquired great wealth in trade, and his only relative at his death was a niece. By a will which he made, he directed that two hundred louis d'ors, being the sum he made the first year he began business, should be buried in his grave, as he thought no one worthy to inherit the first fruits of his toil. The rest of his fortune he bequeathed in this manner: one tenth to be paid to his niece, in ten years, and another tenth in twenty years. The other eight tenths were to be paid to her children, if she had any; and in case of the death of his niece without children, the money was to go to the Hotel Dieu.

'M. Boursault's heiress at law, was as little pleased as the heirs of Mr. Thelluson, and complained to the Parliament of Paris; who judging differently from our Court of Chancery, pronounced the will to be the act of a madman, and gave the whole property to the niece.'

'Admonition and Thanks.—Mr. Cox, who was parish-clerk of St. Clement Danes in the early part of last century, once lent a man fifty shillings, which he kept him out of for several years. When Cox called at his house, he could never find him at home, though he always went to church on Sunday, where he confronted his creditor in the middle aisle. Cox was much mortified at this assurance, and resolved one way or another to remind him of his obligation; and that, too, while labouring in his proper vocation. One Sunday, when his old antagonist was seated, and bidding defiance to all pecuniary claims, Cox, looking him full in the face, repeated the first lines of two staves he had selected, commencing,—

"The wicked borroweth, and payeth not again."

'This admonition had the desired effect, for the next day the man called and paid him the money.'

'Mr. Cox, who was a facetious old man, and loved his pipe and glass, had some difficulty of getting out from his wife, who was somewhat of a termagant. At length she died, and it was observed, that on the evening she was buried, the old clerk gave out the psalm beginning—

"This is a joyful day indeed."

'Where am I?—Henry Topham, the strong man of Islington, who could break ropes of two inches in circumference, and bend kitchen pokers on his arm or his neck, was on his way home one night, when, finding a watchman fast asleep in his box, he took the whole on his shoulders and carried the load with the greatest ease. When he reached Bunhill Fields burying-ground, he dropped the poor fellow and his dormitory

over the wall. The watchman awaking, was for some time doubtful whether or not he was in the land of the living; and on recovering from his fright, seemed to be only waiting for the opening of the graves around him.'

Mr. Farquhar.—The world resounds with the fame of Mr. Farquhar's vast wealth, and many are the exclamations of surprize at his obscure habits; but there are acts of Mr. F. unknown as yet to fame (for it is one of his peculiarities, to love to do good in secret), which show that he makes a noble use of the fortune, which, by his talents and industry, and not by his mere savings, he has acquired.

'A highly respectable individual was in want of a temporary accommodation; he applied to Mr. Farquhar for his assistance, and tendered the most ample securities for any advance he might make. Mr. F. having ascertained the amount requisite to remedy the inconvenience, immediately, in the most handsome manner, presented the gentleman with ten thousand pounds, a sum which formed a considerable surplus of his necessities, and would not accept or hear of even an acknowledgment for it.

'On another occasion, as he was taking his daily airing on foot, and in that garb very probably which has caused him, at times, to be regarded as a reduced gentleman meriting patrician compassion, he observed a gentleman eyeing very wistfully a house belonging to him, at the west end of the town,

which was then to let. Mr. Farquhar, accosting him, begged to know if he wished for such a house? The stranger, indicating by his looks some surprize at a question like this, from one who seemed to have so very little to do with property of any kind; Mr. F. added, that "because if he did, he was the owner of the house, and would be glad to show it to him." The gentleman observed, that "it seemed indeed a fine house, but it was needless for him to look at it, as he was afraid it was far above his means."

"Well, but there will be no harm in your just taking a view of it; you can see how you would like it, and we will talk afterwards about terms." Into the house they went, and all over it; the stranger was loud in its praises; he "would be happy," he thought, if he had such an one to live in; but, indeed, it was impossible he could pay the rent that must be expected for it. Mr. Farquhar, who had taken one of those likings at first sight, which some people have the good luck to inspire, enquired with delicacy into the state of the gentleman's circumstances, and prolonged the conversation by various pleasant digressions, with the view, as it seemed, of drawing out a display of his new acquaintance's character. We will not say what grounds Mr. Farquhar had to be pleased with the stranger, but they were such, that, at parting, it was in these words: "You say you like the house, sir, and think you would be happy in it; now, sir, as I think you are a worthy man, who deserves to be happy, I make you a present of the house, that you may be so. Have the goodness to call at Mr. —'s, my so-

licitor, to-morrow, when you will find a conveyance of it made out in your favour."

"Such is Mr. Farquhar; a man whose "avarice," we are told, "may be considered as a disease which he cannot control."

THEATRICAL AMUSEMENTS.

'WE have always thought,' says the editor of the *National Gazette*, one of the most ably conducted newspapers of America, and, in point of moral selection, deserving the imitation of nine out of ten of the journals on this side of the Atlantic, 'that a well regulated stage is fitted to be useful in several important respects, to a populous city. And it is probable that this opinion would be universal, had the stage always borne that character;—if licentiousness had never been suffered to pollute the drama itself; and the rules of morality and decorum had been strictly maintained on the boards and in the galleries and lobbies. Objection could no more lie to an assemblage of persons, collected in a commodious and ornamented structure to hear the chaste and elegant productions of inventive and poetical genius, and to witness representations of the struggles and fate of the nobler or more dangerous passions, and pictures of the manners and follies of the different styles of life, than to a concourse for the purpose of hearing a lecture, a trial, or simple recitation; or of enjoying any liberal exhibition whatever adapted to improve the taste, to give an insight into the varieties of social character and existence, and to excite strong and salutary emotions.'

'The drama is susceptible of excellent uses; and the stock of pieces which English literature now possesses is, we apprehend, such as to furnish enough, both in tragedy and comedy, free of impurity or grossness in the dialogue, and open to no reproach in regard to the general moral and tendency. It is this consideration which entitles us the more to complain, when plays and farces, exceptionable in those points, are introduced, or *double entendres*, and libertine allusions and incidents are tolerated. A mother who takes her daughter to the theatre, should never be compelled to blush herself, and to see her child's cheek suffused with shame, at what is uttered or transacted on the stage. It is not surprising that women of delicate and religious minds, who have even but once experienced this mortification, should afterwards shun the scene of it, and communicate their disgust to others. The apology usually offered for such irregularities is, that a portion of the pub-

lic, of gross habits and tastes, require these, to be amused; and that, without consulting their gratification, the theatre cannot be supported. We question whether the presence of the vulgar and dissolute could not be obtained upon more creditable terms—quite as easily by broad humour divested of profaneness and lewdness; and we are sure that more persons are now lost to the pit and boxes, by the licence and equivocal reputation of the theatre, than would desert the galleries, if a reformation were effected.'

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

THE first Anniversary Dinner of this valuable Institution took place at the London Coffee-house, Ludgate Hill, on Friday, the 7th inst.

A numerous and highly respectable company sat down at six o'clock to a handsome dinner provided for them, when Thomas Telford, Esq. Civil Engineer, F. R. S. E. was called to the Chair.

Among the company, consisting chiefly of engineers and men of science, we observed Sir Henry Parnell, Bart. M.P. Sir George Alderson, Sir Edward Banks, the celebrated Edward Troughton, F. R. S. M. Brunel, F. R. S. Henry Maudslay, Bryan Donkin, Esqrs. &c.

A company combining more scientific talent and mechanical skill has but seldom been assembled.

After the usual toasts had been drank, the Chairman rose and proposed,—'The Institution of Civil Engineers.'

Mr. Henry R. Palmer then read an Address which he had prepared for the occasion. He gave a general outline of the origin and constitution of the society. He enlarged on the remarkable fact, that while all other professions had their establishments for the common advantage of individuals belonging to them, engineers, whose avocations were not limited to a few branches of science and art, should continue to practice, till recently, without any common centre for the accumulation of knowledge derived from observations of the members of their profession. He (Mr. Palmer) took a general view of the peculiarities of the practice of engineering, and of the qualifications requisite for such persons. He congratulated the meeting on witnessing so large a proportion of the great talent of the country as engineers, and the encouragement a new Institution must derive from the circumstance of the large number of visitors on that occasion, who were not engineers pro-

fessionally, and referred particularly to Sir Henry Parnell, who for many years had devoted his rank and influence to the advancement of the national prosperity—more particularly in the promotion of public works—(*Great applause*).

Mr. Donkin then rose, and after a complimentary introduction, proposed the health of the President—(*Enthusiastic approbation*.)

Mr. Telford acknowledged the honour which had been done him, and took that opportunity of stating how fully he appreciated the situation he held in the Institution, having been placed there by the unanimous solicitations of men of established reputation for ingenuity and talent: all the merit he would claim was in the good-will to his fellow engineers and artists, and in a sincere zeal to promote their prosperity and welfare, as well as the progress and improvements of mechanical arts, in the most liberal sense of the term. Happily commenced under the judicious directions of a few, the Institution had increased in number and extent; already we had (besides through the British Isles) obtained connections in France, Holland, Sweden, Russia, North America, and India. With these extensive ramifications, and this great metropolis as a centre, he trusted we were not too sanguine in looking forward, at no distant period, to mutually receiving and disseminating useful knowledge. In conclusion, the worthy chairman proposed the health of Sir Henry Parnell, whose zeal and exertions in promoting public improvements were so well known.

Sir Henry Parnell rose, and in a speech of some length, enlarged on the unequalled merit of British engineers. He looked for great national advantage to the labours of the excellent Institution they there met to celebrate. He had himself frequent and full experience of the advantage derived from the able and faithful services of the president, in the numerous and difficult works which occurred in establishing a perfect communication between London and Dublin; and he had still further experienced the advantages and powerful aid of the scientific and mechanical skill of the many justly distinguished members of this useful Institution, in the arduous task which had formed his share, as chairman of a committee of the House of Commons, appointed to investigate the subject of steam-boats.

The toast next in succession was, to the memory of the following eminent engineers, whose loss we have to de-

plore, who have formed a valuable school, which survives them, and left works which form the subject of our admiration and instruction, viz.—

Smeaton, Milne, Jessop, Bramah, Watt, and Rennie.

The company left at a late hour.

Original Poetry.

TO THE SNOW-DROP.

FIRST of the spring that smiles on me, I pay my early court to thee; But, well-a-day! how changed the scene Since, erst, I hail'd thee on the green! Then, life and love were in their prime; Then, winter smil'd like summer-time; Now, life and love are on the wing; Now, winter riots in the spring; And, ev'n in summer, nought I see But drizzling show'rs and blights for me; With frequent mourners passing by— Sad monitors that death is nigh! Oh! when that solemn hour shall come, Which seals my passport to the tomb, Be faith and resignation mine, And that sweet soother—Hope divine! First of the spring that smiles on me, Again I pay my court to thee; May no rude hand profane thy sweets, No caitiff bawl thee through the streets; Or, if thou art displanted there To grace the bosom of the fair, O! teach simplicity to them Who never knew the peerless gem! Bid beauty emulate the bee, And gather sweets from flow'rs like thee! Tell those by error led astray, That wisdom is the only way Which leads to purity like thine— Which leads to ev'ry grace divine!

JOHN MAYNE.

HORACE, B. I, ODE 22.

THE man who's free from guilty fear, Needs neither bow nor Moorish spear; To him the quiver useless lies, From him no poison'd arrow flies To save from cruel foes. Whether thro' Afric's burning sands, Or Caucasus' unfriendly lands, He winds his weary path,—or there, The fabulous Hydaspes, where Its azure water flows.

For lately in my Sabine grove, Musing on Lalage, my love, Careless, beyond my bounds I stray'd, A wolf tremendous from me fled— Me—his defenceless prey! Neither in warlike Danna's groves, A monster so tremendous roves; Nor on parch'd Afric's burning plains, Where high the tawny lion reigns, Beasts so ferocious stray.

Place me on that unfruitful land, By zephyr's balmy wings ne'er fann'd; Beneath that black tempestuous sky, Where low'ring clouds incessant fly, Propell'd by thundering Jove: Place me beneath sol's parching ray, Where no soft cooling breezes play; Her, even there, who sweetly smiles, Who sweetly utters speech's wiles, My Lalage I'll love.

Z Z.

THE ROSE BUD.

A LOVELY rose-bud Laura view'd, Just opening to the sky, And on the flow'r the dew-drops stood, Like tears in beauty's eye.

‘O hide,’ she said, ‘thy gentle form Within thy cell again, For fear the fury of the storm, Should strew thee on the plain.

‘Thus, lighted by love's sunny smile, Our sweetness we disclose; Man sees us bloom for him awhile, But oft destroys the rose.’

I snatch'd the blossom to my breast, ‘But thus,’ said I, ‘my fair, On man's fond heart should beauty rest, And find a shelter there.’

JESSE HAMMOND.

WAR SONG OF THE SPANIARDS.

‘Oh! if there be on this earthly sphere A boon an offering Heav'n holds dear, ‘Tis the last libation liberty draws From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause!’

MOORE.

ARISE! ye Spaniards, Freedom calls, And echoes through your fathers' halls! Rise, men of Spain! rise in your might, For Freedom beckons to the fight.

The banner of Liberty waves— The war song is ringing around! Who would live cowards and slaves? Who would breathe on a despot-rul'd ground?

Shall the laurels our ancestors wore Be stain'd in an unsoughten field? They shall reek with our own blushing gore E'er freemen to tyrants shall yield!

Pour your thousands of hireling slaves On the so'l where we first drew our breath! If they conquer, 'twil be o'er our graves— If they triumph, 'twill be in our death!

Descend from the mountains to dare The wrath of our freedom-girt land, And your widows shall mourn that ye e'er Met Spaniards with ball and with brand.

Use fa'sehcod—bring chains with your power; Bring myriads to fetter the free! But, tyrants! our slavery's hour Your parasites never shall see.

Edmonton. J. J. L.—k.

EPITAPH ON AN AGED COUPLE.

READER! if hoary age and honest worth, Wedded affection and parental love, Claim thy esteem, oh! pause upon this earth, And let thy steps the bright example move. The virtuous husband first was snatched above, All ripe in years he bowed him to his fate; The hapless widow, like a lonely dove, Linger'd awhile, then flew to meet her mate.

THE TIPSY TOBACCONIST.

IMPROVEMENT.

‘TO THER night, at a jollification, were met ‘A few sons of harmony,’ fond of *October*, Pretty bibbers of ale, such as some folks call *wet*, And who scorn'd, after ten, to be caught at all sober.

A sort of a quarrel—a tiff—a dispute, Occur'd on this ev'ning, which I need not mention, When the chairman struck Bob, the tobacconist mute, And call'd him to order for noisy intention.

Bob lik'd not the charge, and to growl he began,
When the chairman exclaim'd, 'Sir, you're
drunk as a piper,
And that *before ten*, 'tis a shame and a scan
To the club, than your neighbour's that you
should be riper.'

Old Quizby, who sat in the corner that night,
Said, 'Sir, you have charg'd our friend Bob
somewhat huffy,
But how can you wonder at *such a man's* plight,
Is it strange, sir, to see a tobacconist snuffy?'

J. M. L.

The Drama AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

KING'S THEATRE.—The *Tom and Jerry* mania has extended itself to this house, not that we have actors talking slang in Italian, or knocking down watchmen and beadle, nor do we allude to the management, or rather mismanagement of the opera this season, but to a masquerade at the King's Theatre, on Monday night, which was attended by a larger proportion of Toms and Jerrys than ever were collected together at one time. This was principally owing to the injudicious distribution of free tickets to represent certain dramatic characters, which naturally brought into action all the heroes and heroines of private theatricals in town. As to the result we need only refer to the police reports; for the light-fingered gentry in considerable numbers went in character, and levied tolerable contributions, considering that the great portion of the visitors had nothing to lose; the consequence has been that the noblemen and gentlemen who conducted the Italian opera the last two seasons have withdrawn from the management.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—Mr. Kean has ventured on an experiment, which, in any other hands, must have been considered as extremely rash and hazardous; he has ventured to restore the fifth act of *King Lear*, and to perform it as Shakespeare wrote it. We need not to remind our readers that the play, as generally acted, was altered by Tate, who has interwoven an underplot of the loves of Edgar and Cordelia, and has altered the catastrophe by making Lear and Cordelia survive with a prospect of returning happiness, instead of their both dying as Shakespeare had made them. We are aware that some modern critics contend that the alteration by Tate was judicious, and that the catastrophe, as originally written, was too horrible, and such as an English audience would not sit out. Addison, however, was of opinion, that more of our English tragedies have succeeded, in which the favourites of the audience sunk under

their calamities than those in which they survived them, and that by Tate's alteration the tragedy had lost half its beauty.

The experiment made by Mr. Kean, in restoring the catastrophe, certainly proved that an English audience are not so sensitive as some people imagine, and that they could survive the catastrophe as well as the representatives of Lear and Cordelia, though we much doubt that the tragedy will be rendered more popular by it; it, however, gave Kean a new opportunity of displaying that mastery over the passions which he possesses. He never perhaps appeared to greater advantage than in the last scene. The other characters were well sustained.

On Tuesday evening Miss Stephens made her first appearance at this theatre in the character of Lucy Bertram, after a longer absence than the town has been accustomed to. To say that she was received with the utmost applause, is only to assert what all our readers know must have been the case, for, notwithstanding there have been many candidates for vocal fame during her absence, and some of them of great merit, yet there is a sweetness, a simplicity, and a pathos, in this lady's singing, which it would be difficult to equal. She appeared somewhat embarrassed at first, partly from the stunning cheers with which she was greeted, and from making her *debut* on a new stage; but she soon recovered and gave those delightful songs which are assigned to her in *Guy Mannering*, as Miss Stephens alone could give them. Braham was very spirited in Henry Bertram, and introduced some additional songs. Liston was Dominie Sampson, and never played better: he seemed to feel an additional inspiration in meeting with his favourite Lucy, with whom he has so often and so successfully appeared on another stage. A Mr. Sherwin from the York stage made his first appearance as Dandie Dinmont with complete success; he has a good face, voice, and person, and possesses a good deal of that rustic humour and feeling which we used to admire so much in Emery, to whom he will be found not an unworthy successor. The house was crowded to the ceiling on Tuesday evening, and also on Thursday, when the same piece was repeated.

COVENT GARDEN.—No novelty during the last week demanding notice has taken place.—The forthcoming tragedy is delayed, it is said, owing to Mr. Macready's having declined to appear in the character originally assigned him.—

The difference upon choice of parts between Miss Tree and Miss Paton is understood to be compromised by these ladies taking favourite characters alternately.

Literature and Science.

The King's Library.—We stated, some time ago, that his Majesty had made a noble present to the country, in the library of our late revered sovereign; an act which, coupled with the patronage that his Majesty extends to the arts and sciences, will perpetuate his memory, and render the Georgean as distinguished as the Augustan age. The library consists of about one hundred and fifty thousand volumes, and includes a copy of a curious folio edition of Shakspeare, respecting which there is an interesting anecdote of his late Majesty, George III. The king was not a great reader; but what he read he remembered tenaciously. In his historic recollections, he showed himself always particularly prompt and accurate. A curious proof of this is extant, in the fine copy of the second folio edition of Shakspeare's works, which is in the royal library, and which originally belonged to Charles the First.

—The book was purchased by Dr. Askew, at Dr. Mead's sale, for two guineas and a-half; and, at the death of Dr. Mead, Mr. Stevens became the purchaser of it for 51. 10s. In a leaf of this book, Charles the First had written with his own hand, 'Dum Spiro Spero. C. R.' And Sir Henry Herbert, to whom the king presented it the night before his execution, has also written, 'Ex dono Serenissimi Regis Car. Servo suo Humiliss. T. Herbert.' Mr. Stevens has added, 'Sir Thomas Herbert was master of the revels to King Charles the First.' The book being subsequently purchased for the king's library, at eighteen guineas, his Majesty, on inspecting it, immediately observed, that there was an error in this last note of Mr. Stevens; and, taking a pen, he wrote beneath it these words, 'this is a mistake; he (Sir Thomas Herbert), having been groom of the bed-chamber to King Charles I.: but Sir Henry Herbert was master of the revels.'

The library his present Majesty has presented to the British nation, in the following letter to the Earl of Liverpool:—

'Dear Lord Liverpool,

'The King my late revered and excellent father having formed, during a long series of years, a most valuable and extensive library,

consisting of about one hundred and twenty thousand volumes, I have resolved to present this collection to the British nation.

Whilst I have the satisfaction by this means of advancing the literature of my country, I also feel that I am paying a just tribute to the memory of a parent, whose life was adorned with every public and private virtue.

I desire to add, that I have great pleasure, my lord, in making this communication through you. Believe me, with great regard, your sincere friend,

(Signed) G. R.

Pavilion, Brighton, Jan. 15, 1823.

The Lord of Liverpool, K. G., &c. &c.

The Trustees of the British Museum have had several meetings, to consider how to dispose of the King's library, which is likely to be added to that national repository, though some wish for it a separate establishment.

New Literary Institution.—A meeting of some gentlemen, interested in the formation of a new institution, was lately held at the York Hotel, in New Bridge Street, and another public meeting is, we understand, to take place at the same place on Monday next, at which the friends of science, literature, and the arts, are respectfully solicited to attend. As the present Surry Institution will finally close on the 25th of March next, and all attempts to raise a new institution on the same scale and site have failed, we think it very desirable that another should be raised in a more central situation, and on a more limited scale of expense. It is, therefore, proposed to form a new institution in New Bridge Street, which, we believe, is to consist of 300 shares of 10l. 10s. each, and an annual subscription of 3l. 3s., a plan which, from its moderate charge, can scarcely fail of success. The new institution is, we understand, to contain all the advantages of the present Surry Institution, except the delivery of lectures, which was always its least attractive feature.

A public meeting was held on Tuesday, at the London Tavern, for the formation of a 'General Steam-vessel Company.' A prospectus had been for some days in circulation, stating, that it was proposed to raise a capital of 300,000l. by one hundred and fifty shares, 2000l. to be called for by such instalments as shall be found necessary. Twenty-four vessels are to be purchased or built by the company, of the best construction, for safety, strength, and speed. The steam-engine of each vessel to be of eighty horse power and the engines to be on the most approved principles. —It is proposed to communicate, by the

steam-vessels of this company, between London and Calais, Ostend, Rotterdam, and Hambro; from Dover to Boulogne; Brighton to Dieppe; Southampton to Havre, Guernsey, and Jersey; London to Plymouth; and Plymouth to Bordeaux, Bilboa, Corunna, and Lisbon. —At the meeting, several resolutions were entered into, and a committee appointed to draw up a report for the consideration of a future meeting.

Arrowsmith's trigonometrical survey of this country, made in 1816, states the square statute miles to be 1532; the rental, taken from the Property Tax Return for the year ending April, 1811, was 904,615l.; the annual value of each square mile, as computed from the 'rent and tithe collecting,' and the average of England and Wales in 1811, being 17s. 2d. per acre, was at that time 692l. The resident population of Essex, in 1822, was 289,424. Norfolk, from the same source, is stated to contain at the same periods, 2092 miles, rental 931,852l. annual value of one mile 509l., population 844,368l. Kent 1537 miles, rental 868,188l. value of one mile 651l., population 426,016. Suffolk 1512 miles, rental 694,078l., annual value of one mile 537l., population 270,542. Cambridge, 858 miles, rental 453,215l., annual value of one mile 571l., population 121,909. Hertfordshire 729 miles, rental 342,350l., annual value of one mile 754l., population 129,714. Middlesex 282 miles, rental 339,142l., annual value of one mile 1325l., population 1,444,531. The total number of miles in England 50,535. The rental 27,890,354l., population 11,260,555.

The proceedings under the writ of inquiry, by order of the Lord Chancellor, in the matter of the Earl and Countess of Portsmouth, commenced at the Freemasons' Tavern last Monday: a Report of the proceedings will be given in 'The Observer' of Sunday, Feb. 16. The length of these proceedings having already extended to eighteen of 'The Observer,' folio columns, the editor this week will be under the necessity of publishing an extra sheet. The price of the two sheets, to-morrow, will be fourteen-pence.

Miss Aikin is preparing for publication a memoir of her father, the late John Aikin, M. D.; together with a selection of such of his critical essays and miscellaneous pieces as have not before appeared in a collective form. Improved editions of the most popular of Dr. Aikin's works are also preparing under the care of his family.

We are informed that a new historical romance by the author of 'The Lollards,' will shortly be announced for publication. Like its predecessor, it will furnish some curious views of ancient London, and of the manners, 'appliances, and means,' of our cockney ancestors. Its title has not yet reached us.

Mr. Henry Neele, the author of a volume of very elegant Odes, &c. has in the press 'Dramatic and Miscellaneous Poems,' dedicated to Joanna Baillie, and from the poetical genius the author has displayed in his former work, we doubt not that his forthcoming volume will be worthy of the auspices under which it is to be ushered to the public.

The Bee.

A sailor was lately at a certain chapel, not a hundred miles distant from Wapping: the clergyman observing that he assumed a very serious look, took an opportunity, as the congregation were dispersing, thus to accost him: 'Friend, I was glad to see thee listening so attentively to the words of divine truth; tell me now *what change you feel upon you.*' Honest Jack, putting his hand into his pocket, said he was very sorry, but he had not as much as would buy a quid of tobacco.

However strange it may appear, it is a certain fact, that one of the principal measures which has been lately before the American Congress, is to establish *an uniform system of bankruptcy throughout the United States.*

Foote having employed an artist, of the name of Forfeit, to do a job for him, who kept it long after the time he had promised to bring it home, was making his apology by saying that he had got into a foolish scrape about the *antiquity of his family* with another artist, who gave him such a drubbing as confined him to his bed for a considerable time. 'Forfeit, Forfeit,' said Foote, 'why surely you have the best of the argument, as I can prove your family to be not only *several thousand years old*, but, at the same time, *the most numerous* of any on the face of the globe.' 'Aye,' said the man, quite transported with joy; 'pray on what authority?' 'On the authority of Shakespeare:—

'All the souls that are were *forfeit* once.'

Women.—The most happy women are those who are married to sensible men; for the latter suffer themselves to be governed with so much the more pleasure, as they are always masters of themselves.

Origin of the Term, 'Man of the People.'—Monsieur Gourville, originally a domestic of the Prince of Condé, raised himself, by his merit, to offices of great trust and employment. Such was the opinion of his abilities, that, on the death of the great minister Colbert, it was a matter of dispute in the cabinet of Louis XIV. whether Gourville should not be appointed his successor. This gentleman arrived in England at the time when Charles II. and his Parliament were at variance. Sir William Temple, who knew Gourville, and his faculty of discernment, asked him what he thought of the kingly power in England? His answer was remarkable: 'If,' said Gourville, 'the King of England could be prevailed upon to fall in with the general sentiments of his subjects, and become *the Man of his People*, no prince in Europe would be his superior; if not, he will be the most insignificant of all monarchs.'—Sir William had the honesty and courage to relate this conversation to Charles II., who declared that he 'would be the *Man of his People*.' But Charles did not keep his word.

Dr. Johnson, when, on his death-bed, being desired to call in Dr. Warren, said, 'They may call in any body they pleased,' and Warren was sent for. When he had visited the doctor, and was going away, the latter said to him, 'You have come in at the eleventh hour; but you shall be paid the same with your fellow-labourers. Francis put into Mr. Warren's coach a copy of the 'English Poets.'

The Hen and the Wren.—An old writer has truly said that birds and beasts find more sympathy in their kindred society, than men; and as proof of this, I can attest an instance within my own personal knowledge. In the severity of the season, it is our duty to perform the kind offices of friendship, more particularly if possible, than at any other time of the year. I have witnessed, for a fortnight past, an old hen, which roosts in my garden shed, yielding the warmth of her wing to a wren for its nightly succour! How admirably does this corresponding attachment preach to us, who are called upon in our stated avocations through life to find the means of shelter for the houseless from the piercing woes which hunger and cold occasion. While we imitate the maternal virtue of the hen, let us not be unmindful of the grateful task which the wren performs every morning by singing its praise before it leaves the shed and its protectress.

P.

Lord Erskine, in a new edition of his 'Letter to Lord Liverpool,' speaking of the threats of Austria, Russia, and Prussia, thus expresses himself—'With all the force they can collect, there is *one empire* which they can never hope to subdue—*the empire of opinion*, whose throne is *the liberty of the press!*'

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** Besides this flattering notice, Mr. Howison's Work has been reviewed in a manner equally favourable in the *New Edinburgh Review*; *Blackwood's Magazine*; *Edinburgh Magazine*; *Monthly Magazine*; *New Monthly Magazine*; *British Critic*; *Eclectic Review*; *Literary Gazette*; *Literary Chronicle*; *Scotsman*; *Examiner*, &c. &c. &c.

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